

## The Sunday-School.

### THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Jesus was crucified on Friday, and buried the same evening. At the request of the chief priests, the grave was carefully guarded, lest the disciples should steal the body, and pretend that he had risen from the dead. He lay in the grave two nights and the intervening day, and rose from the dead on the morning of the first day of the week. Parallel passages, Matt. 28:1-8; Luke 24:1-9; John 20:1, 2.

#### LESSONS FROM THE RESURRECTION.

1. The love of these women for their Lord is very beautiful and from them we may learn a few very rich and practical lessons. No matter how dark the hour may be, our love for Christ should not fail. Hope had died in their hearts, but love lived on. Again, in giving expression to our love, we should bring to Jesus the best we have, the richest our hearts can find or our hands can do. Another lesson is, that we should come early to Jesus with our gifts. In the morning of life, in all the purity and freshness of youth. Then too, we should remember that we come not now to a grave, seeking the cold body of a dead Savior, but we come to a risen, triumphant, ever-living Christ, who liveth forevermore.

2. God is continually rolling away stones from the doors that admit us to golden opportunities each day. The believer is too often worried about obstacles away off in the distance. Our duty is to go on obediently and do what our hands find to do each day and never worry about the difficulties that may be in our path. An unseen helper goes on before us and removes every obstacle which we cannot surmount.

3. That was a glorious message the angels sent that morning. No such message had ever been sent before on any other day of the world's history. This message was borne by the loving women friends of Jesus who were "last at the cross and first at the grave." They were the first to carry the message. What an honor it was to be the *first* to bear this wonderful news: Jesus is risen.

4. The grave is no longer a dark place, since Jesus lay there. The angels had good news for the women. Christ arose and is alive. His resurrection is the pledge of our resurrection. We shall not always sleep.

WHERE there are no obstacles there are no victories.

### ECONOMIZE? YES—BUT HOW?

"You see I must economize," and Mrs. McV. dons her garden hat and proceeds to hang out the wash in order that the washerwoman may get through in a half a day. The poor old woman goes home with fifty cents in her pocket instead of a hundred. A few weeks later Mrs. McV. is without a washerwoman and complains that they are "so independent." Of course when a woman can get a whole day in place of half a day, she is likely to take it.

"Why don't we have steak for breakfast any more?" says Tommy McV. And mamma answers: "We've got to economize, and steak is very dear." Tommy goes to school with his stomach partly filled with something he does not like, and before noon has put down a couple of apples, and two or three peaches, in order to fill the gap. A month of this regime and Tommy is losing ground and mamma does not see "what ails him?" Papa finds no fault. He has long since ceased to make suggestions to Mrs. McV. They have weathered many a storm together, and he has abundant faith in her management. She has always saved something from the allowance, for the house, and now that he must give her less, she will probably save just the same. Meanwhile, Mrs. McV. has her customary pretty suit for the fall, buys a bit of bric-a-brac at the special sale, keeps her subscription paid up for her favorite journal, and appears to her neighbors and friends to be on top of the wave just the same.

Next door lives Mrs. McD. She, too, has no servant, and hires a washerwoman once a week.

"Well, Mary, did you lose any more days last week?"

"Deed, mum, I only made three whole day instead of five."

"That's bad for you. You had better come and wash blankets the first day you're idle."

"Sure it's mighty glad I'd be of the work." Instead of cutting down here Mrs. McD. decides to do a good turn to a faithful old body in hard luck. She makes no difference in the food. The butcher and the grocer find her orders about the same, and though Mrs. McD. must economize, you cannot tell where she has begun. But listen. She has worn one or two pretty muslins to church all summer. There wasn't any one who looked more dainty than she; and this fall she is going to wear her "old silk" again. She says: "It is no use talking economy where necessities are involved, but when it comes to luxuries there is the place to cut down expenditures."

Just here comes the question, which are necessities and which are luxuries? Mrs. McV. would rather be well dressed than well fed, so the former is a necessity to her; while Mrs. McD. rates health above all blessings, so places dress as a luxury. How is it with you, dear reader? Would it not be well to give this matter thought? Shall we cut off supplies and endanger health? Shall we save from those who cannot help themselves otherwise—those work for us and are dependent upon us? Shall we make these sacrifices, that we may appear to our neighbors to be as prosperous as ever? Or shall we not rather assert our independence and live for the comfort of our household? There is no independence like that which keeps us serene in a second season's gown and a meagre supply of bills unpaid; no bondage like the bondage of debt; no blessing compared to good health.

The summer will soon be upon us, and with you, oh, homemaker, will lie the happiness of your household. To keep them happy, well fed and in good health will be the height of our ambition, let us hope. Therefore, see to it that you wisely decide where economy shall begin; that you know which are necessities and which are luxuries, for surely blessed is the woman who keepeth her family in health and happiness.—*Country Gentleman*.

### WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

One cold winter day an Italian stood at a street corner grinding from his organ some doleful music. A group of children, large and small, were gathered around him. Among them were several good-sized boys, who seemed disposed to make sport of the organist. One of them said to the others, "Boys, I'm going to hit the old fellow's hat." In a moment he had a snowball in his hand, and he threw it so violently that it knocked the Italian's hat off, and it fell into the gutter.

What do you suppose the organ-grinder did? Strike the boy, knock him down, shake his fist at him, curse him, swear at him? Some men would have done this after being treated in that way. But he did nothing of the sort. He stooped down and picked up his hat, knocked the snow from it, and put it on his head. He then turned to the rude boy, bowed gracefully, and said, "Now I'll play you a tune to make you merry." Who was the gentleman, the boy or the Italian?—*Ram's Horn*.

THE best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—*Rev. Dr. John Hall*.